



*Gently* *The Disappointed Lover*

When Daw drops gild the weeping Thorn and hoarse pupil looks Salute the Morn

Fair Cynthia charm'd the Grove her Voix like Phyll.o.mell....a

ring But still the Burthen of her Song was false and

Perjur'd Love?

Young Collin who had Stray'd that way  
When Larky the Heralds of the Day  
Their Downy Nests forsake  
Impatient lurk'd behind a Bush  
To hear and view the beautiful Blush  
That painted Cynthia's Cheek

Against the sweet enchanting Strain  
No longer able to contain  
He thus himself address'd  
My Flocks cry'd he shall all be thine  
My Dog my Crook be you but mine  
And bless a Shepherd's Breast

In vain cry'd she fond Youth you sue  
To Church with me you first must go  
Of which the Swain approv'd  
Then to the Grove again he led  
The ripind pantling melting Maid  
Where both dissolv'd in Love

When bliss was past young Collin Cry'd  
Had you at first thus far comply'd  
I never had seen the More  
His hush'd cry'd she I know thy will  
For Sledge that lives at yonder Mill  
Once serv'd me so before